



SPAWN

71

DIGITAL
EDITION

Capullo & Mikita



TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS...

APPARITIONS

DEDICATED TO
Alan Hassenfeld



STORY

*Todd McFarlane
Brian Holguin*

PENCILS

Greg Capullo

INKS

*Danny Miki
Todd McFarlane*

COPY EDITOR & LETTERING
Tom Orzechowski

COLOR

*Brian Haberlin
Dan Kemp*

*president of entertainment,
publishing and licensing*

TERRY FITZGERALD

*executive director for Image Comics
LARRY MARDER*

art director

BRENT ASHE

graphics coordinator

JULIA SIMMONS

editorial coordinator

MELANIE SIMMONS

SPAWN #70 Summary

Twitch is able to break free from his captor, the Freak, when he is distracted by Spawn's sudden appearance. Then, as Sam, Twitch and Spawn struggle together to stop the slaughter in the alley, they feel their curious bond intensifying. However, they all are puzzled when Spawn becomes ineffective in a certain area of the alley called the 'dead zone'. Discovering that the Freak has slipped away, Spawn tracks him down and unleashes the worms and insects on him until he is drowned by their mass. Earlier in the day, Wanda again witnessed Cyan's psychotic behavior over losing her soother and necklace out the car window.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com

IT'S OVER.

AFTER WREAKING HAVOC ON THE DENIZENS OF RAT CITY, THE MALEVOLENT MESSIAH KNOWN ONLY AS THE FREAK HAS MET HIS FATE AT THE HANDS OF SPAWN.

TAKING TANGIBLE FORM--MAGGOTS, WORMS, ALL MANNER OF PARASITES--THE SINS OF ONE MAN'S LIFE NOW DEVOUR THEIR MAKER.

ASHES TO ASHES...

WITHOUT EVEN UNDERSTANDING HOW, SPAWN SUMMONED UP A WAVE OF KARMIC FORCE, PURGING THE TWISTED, MALIGNANT EVIL FROM THE MADMAN'S SOUL AND TURNED IT BACK ON HIM.

THE ALLEYWAYS YAWN. A COLD WIND RISES UP, SPREADING OUT ACROSS THE CITY, AS THE FREAK WRITHES IN HIS FINAL DEATH THROES, RECLAIMED BY THE DARKNESS HE EMBRACED.

DUST TO DUST...

STILL SEETHING WITH ANGER,
SPAWN REGARDS HIS HANDIWORK WITH QUIET PRIDE.

BRAVO!
BRAVO!

QUITE A PERFORMANCE, HELLSPAWN.

"LOOK ON MY WORKS, YE MIGHTY, AND DESPAIR."

HE WAS AN ABOMINATION, COG. HE ENGINEERED A GANG WAR AND ALMOST SUCCEEDED IN KILLING ME. HE GOT NO MORE THAN HE DESERVED.

A GANG WAR YOU DID ALMOST NOTHING TO AVERT.

HOW MANY DIED HERE TONIGHT? AND FOR WHAT? HE'S JUST ONE MORE CORPSE AGAINST THE BARRICADES.





LOOK AROUND YOU. YOU HAVE TO START PUTTING THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE TOGETHER. WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT "DEAD ZONE" IS? WHY DO YOU THINK YOU LOSE YOUR POWERS THERE?

YOU WANT TO KNOW? IT'S A CELESTIAL SAFE ZONE. LITERALLY A SMALL PATCH OF HEAVEN HERE AMID THE DESOLATION OF RAT CITY.

WHAT?!

AND BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO WHAT GOES ON HERE!

WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME?

I ALMOST DIED-- AND NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THAT SOME FILTH-RIDDEN HOLE FILLED WITH JUNKIES AND DEGENERATES IS SOME HEAVENLY REST STOP?

AND THAT THEY JUST SAT BY AND LET ALL THIS HAPPEN? WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU SAY? GO TO HELL, COG!

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. DON'T CARE TO REPEAT IT, THANK YOU.

SPAWN, THIS CURSE ISN'T GOING TO JUST GO AWAY BECAUSE YOU IGNORE IT.



BY NOW I'D
REALIZE THAT
HEAVEN AND HELL
BEAR LITTLE RESEM-
BLANCE TO WHAT
YOU LEARNED IN
SUNDAY SCHOOL.
AND THAT THESE
ALLEYS AREN'T
WHAT THEY
APPEAR TO BE.

DO YOU
THINK THAT A
PRIZED SOLDIER
OF HELL IS
GOING TO WALK
THIS EARTH WITH-
OUT HEAVEN
KEEPING
CLOSE TABS
ON YOU?

IF YOU -- AND
I -- ARE EVER GOING TO
FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS
CURSE, YOU NEED TO START
ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.
I DON'T KNOW ALL THE
ANSWERS, SPAWN,
OR I WOULDN'T
BE HERE.

BUT I THINK
I CAN HELP
YOU WITH THE
QUESTIONS.

IF YOU
DON'T HAVE
THE ANSWERS,
OLD MAN, WHAT
GOOD ARE YOU
TO ME?



LOOK AT
YOU. ALL THIS
TIME AND YOU'RE
NOT **TWO STEPS**
FROM WHERE YOU
STARTED. THAT
HAS TO **CHANGE**,
SPAWN.

YOU
HAVE TO
CHANGE
IF YOU
WANT TO
SURVIVE.

SUBURBAN
QUEENS.

UNDER A WATCHFUL
MOON, A GENTLE
BREEZE SIGHS
THROUGH TREELINED
STREETS.

THE NIGHT IS QUIET AND
STILL, SAVE FOR THE SOFT
RUSTLING OF LEAVES ACROSS
MANICURED LAWNS.

GOOD-
NIGHT,
HONEY.
SWEET.
DREAMS.

WARM AND SAFE BENEATH HER
BLANKETS, LITTLE CYAN FITZ-
GERALD SLEEPS LIKE AN ANGEL.

IT IS THE SLEEP OF
THE INNOCENT. THE
SERENE, GENTLE
SLUMBER OF
CHILDHOOD.

HER BREATH COMES
SLOW AND MEASURED
AS SHE DREAMS IN
BLISSFUL, WOMB-
LIKE COMFORT.

WITHOUT A
CARE IN
THE WORLD.

THE SAME CANNOT BE SAID FOR HER MOTHER. EARLIER TODAY, FOR THE SECOND TIME IN RECENT MONTHS-- CYAN BROKE OUT INTO A VIOLENT, SEIZURE-LIKE OUTBURST.

WANDA BLAKE SIGHED. A TEETHING SOOTHER TIED TO AN OLD SHOE-LACE... FOR THIS CYAN RAN INTO TRAFFIC, SCREAMING HYSTERICALLY. SHE COULD HAVE BEEN HURT. OR KILLED.

WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?



A WHILE BACK, CYAN WAS KIDNAPPED. AFTER IT WAS OVER, EVERYONE WAS SURPRISED AT HOW WELL SHE HAD ADJUSTED, LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.

BUT IT'S CLEAR NOW THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG. SOME DELAYED REACTION TO THE ORDEAL, PERHAPS? A DEEP-SEATED EMOTIONAL TRAUMA?

PERHAPS EVEN SOME PERMANENT PHYSIOLOGICAL DAMAGE?

ALONE WITH HER THOUGHTS, WANDA BLAKE IMAGINES THE WORST.

HEY BABE,
SORRY I'M
LATE...



* SPAWN 59 -- Tom.



THE WIND PICKS UP FROM THE NORTH AS SAM AND TWITCH SCOUR THE SPRAWLING MAZES OF RAT CITY FOR THE BEING KNOWN AS SPAWN.

DAMN. I THOUGHT FOR SURE THIS WAS THE WAY.

CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY BEARINGS. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D SWEAR THESE FRIGGIN' ALLEYS KEEP MOVING ON US.

HARDLY LIKELY, SIR.

WELL, WE BETTER FIND SPAWN-BOY, PRONTO. NOT THAT I'M SURE WHAT TO DO WHEN WE FIND HIM. MAYBE IF WE DOUBLE BACK...

LOOK, SIR. THERE'S SOMETHING UP AHEAD.

HEY BOYS! HERE'S THE SITCH: SOME KIND OF ALLEY BUM TURF WAR. BUT THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT.

WE AIN'T CLEAR ON THE DETAILS, BUT SOMETHING FREAKY IS GOING DOWN. I DON'T KNOW, SOMETHING... um...

PRETER-NATURAL, SIR?

YEAH. WHAT HE SAID.

OKAY, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU GOT A HANDLE ON IT, WE'LL JUST FINISH UP ON OUR OWN.

Uh-uh. YOU TWO AIN'T GOING NOWHERE.

AND WHY IS THAT?

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

'CAUSE THIS IS OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS. AND IN CASE YOU FORGOT, YOU TWO AIN'T ON THE FORCE NO MORE. BANKS HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO WEED YOU OUT, GOD REST HIS SOUL.

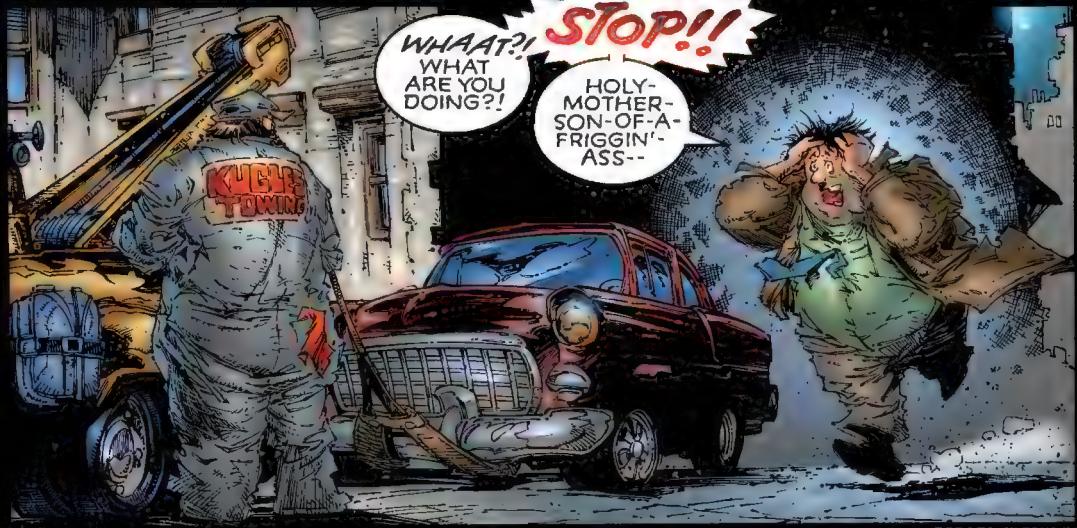
BANKS IS BURNING
IN HELL IF THERE'S ANY
JUSTICE. WE MAY NOT BE ON
THE FORCE, BUT WE'RE
LICENSED INVESTIGATORS.
WE GOT A LEGITIMATE
CASE...

YOU
AIN'T HEARING ME. YOU
AIN'T GETTIN' IN THE ALLEYS.
NOT TONIGHT. YOU WANT TO
BITCH TO SOMEONE, WRITE
YER CONGRESSMAN. GOT
THAT, BURKEY-BOY?

BESIDES,
LOOKEE
THERE!

HOLY
LARD-ASS!
AIN'T THAT THE
FATMOBILE
THEY'RE
TOWING?

GEE,
THAT'S A
SHAME. TOO
CLOSE TO A
HYDRANT. WE'RE
CRACKING DOWN
ON THAT. PART OF
THE MAYOR'S NEW
CIVIC PRIDE
CAMPAIGN.



IMPRESSIVE, SIR.
I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE
WERE SO MANY **EXPLETIVES**
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
YOU'RE A VERITABLE "ROGET'S"
OF PROFANITY.

PITY IT
DIDN'T
GET YOU
OUT OF THE
CITATION.

YEAH, WELL...
LEAST THEY
DIDN'T SCRATCH
UP THE
CHROME.

SO
WHAT
NOW,
SIR?

WE
COOL
OUR JETS
AND PLAN
OUR NEXT
MOVE.



YOU WERE SAYING, SIR?







TEN
BLOCKS
AWAY.

LOOK AT
THIS! A
REGULAR
MASSACRE.

THIS IS WHAT
OUR FAIR CITY
HAS SUNK TO-- A
TURF WAR OVER
WHO GETS THE
BEST CARD-
BOARD BOX.

YER ALL
HEART,
Y'KNOW THAT
BOYLE?

HEY SLIM.
YOU WANT TO
HURRY THIS UP?
I'D LIKE TO GET
OUTTA HERE AS
SOON AS WE CAN.
THIS PLACE
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS.

WHY
DOESN'T THE
CITY JUST PLOW
THIS DUMP OVER,
PUT UP ONE OF
THOSE NICE
SHOPPING MALLS?
EVEN ONE OF THEM
FIVE-DOLLAR-A-CUP
YUPPIE COFFEE
JOINTS WOULD
BE BETTER'N
THIS HELL
HOLE.

ASK ME,
THESE REJECTS
DID US ALL A
FAVOR. CAN'T
STAND THESE
LOSERS. ALWAYS
PANHANDLING,
PEEIN' IN THE STREET,
DIRTYIN' UP YOUR
WINDSHIELD.

AS FAR
AS I'M
CONCERNED,
THESE "BUMS"
AREN'T EVEN
PEOPLE.

"I MEAN,
WHAT KIND
OF SICKO
WOULD
ACTUALLY
CALL THIS
PLACE
HOME?"

FROM BEHIND THE BOARDED-UP WINDOWS, SPAWN SURVEYS THE CARNAGE. SUCH A WASTE. ALL THIS OVER WHO HAS CLAIM TO A WRETCHED PATCH OF NOTHING THAT MOST PEOPLE WOULDN'T EVEN SPIT ON.

THE STREWN, LIFELESS BODIES OF THOSE URBAN PARIADS LITTER THE GROUND LIKE SO MUCH REFUSE. NO NEXT OF KIN TO NOTIFY, NO MONEY FOR A PROPER BURIAL.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH. LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS HAD A HERO'S FUNERAL, TV CAMERAS FOCUSING ON HIS FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN. IT DIDN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD, DID IT?

HE PONDERS WHAT COG TOLD HIM EARLIER. THERE'S MORE TO THESE ALLEYS THAN HE HAD EVER BELIEVED. FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THEY ARE PART OF HIM NOW. THEY ARE HIS HOME.

AND, LIKE A SPIDER AT THE CENTER OF A GREAT WEB, HE CAN SENSE WHEN SOMETHING MAKES THE MISTAKE OF CROSSING INTO HIS DOMAIN.

YOO-HOO!
DEADBOY!

I KNEW YOU'D BE SKULKING AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. JUST HAD TO FOLLOW THE STENCH OF ROTTING MEAT.

IT'S A WONDER YOU DON'T HAVE DROOLING DOGS CHASING AROUND AFTER YOU

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HELLSPAWN? AREN'T YOU GOING TO INVITE ME IN?



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I SUGGEST YOU TAKE A WALK RIGHT NOW. THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH BLOOD SPILLED TONIGHT. I'D RATHER NOT ADD YOURS TO IT.

THIS IS NOTHING. PARIS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR... ST. PETERSBURG BACK IN IT... THOSE WERE PROPER BLOOD BATHS. GUTTERS RAN RED WITH THE STUFF.

BEAUTIFUL, I TELL YA. A SIGHT TO SEE. MAKES ME KIND OF MISTY JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. THIS IS A DROP IN THE OCEAN. BARELY A TRICKLE. STILL, IT'S ENOUGH TO WORK UP THE THIRST.

KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

BLOODSHED? HAH!



THE CREATURE MOVES WITH BLINDING SPEED, QUICK ENOUGH TO CATCH THE SPAWN OFF-GUARD.

IT WAS STRONGER
THAN HE HAD
COUNTED ON.
AS WELL.

Ooh
HURT ME
HELLSPAWN
HURT ME!

OOF!

YOU WERE
WARNED! FINE.
ONE MORE CORPSE
AGAINST THE
BARRICADES...

IT ONLY TAKES
HALF A MOMENT
FOR SPAWN TO
RECOVER THE
HELL-FORGED
CHAINS OF HIS
SYMBIOTE BODY
ARMOR STAND
POISED TO TWIST
THE CREATURE'S
HEAD OFF.

BUT IT IS
HALF A MOMENT
TOO LATE.

WHOMP!

C'MON,
SPAWN!
LET ME
HAVE IT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER? YOU'RE
GOING ALL LIMP ON
ME. OH, WELL. DON'T
WORRY. I HEAR THAT
HAPPENS TO EVERY
ONE, ONCE IN
A WHILE.

GET
OFF
ME!





SINKING IN NOW, IS IT? WE JUST FELL INTO THE "DEAD ZONE". DIDN'T THAT OLD MAN WARN YOU ABOUT THIS? OOPS.

A LONELY PATCH OF HEAVEN RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS URBAN DECAY. ALL OF HELL'S MINIONS ARE POWERLESS HERE.



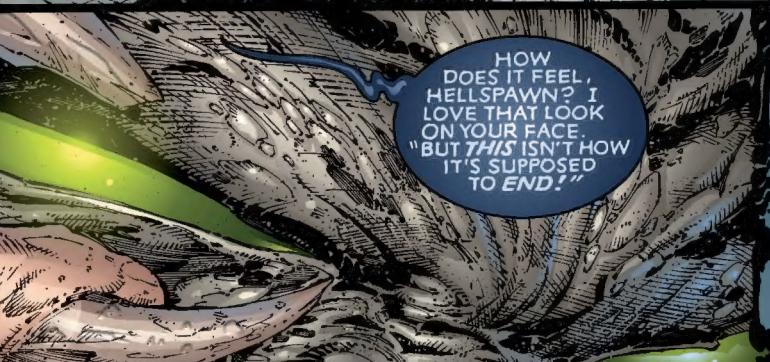
FEEL IT? ALL THAT POWER. ALL THAT MIGHT LEAKING OUT OF YOU?



NO, NO. YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE. SEE, I STILL HAVE ALL MY STRENGTH. AIN'T THAT A KICKER?

YOU? BUT YOU'RE A-

A VAMPIRE? A BLOODSUCKER? NOSEFARTU? BINGO, MEATFACE. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE ON THE SAME TEAM.



HOW DOES IT FEEL, HELLSPAWN? I LOVE THAT LOOK ON YOUR FACE. "BUT THIS ISN'T HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO END!"



YOU
MAY BE
THE DEVIL'S
SLAVE,
BUT NOT
ME.

I'M BATTING
FOR HIS
COMPETITION.

STOP!
ENOUGH.

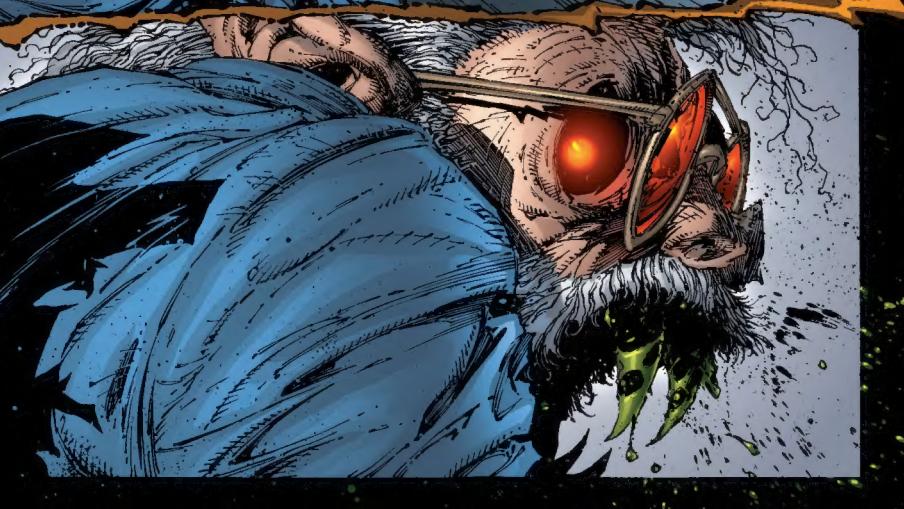


Oh, BY THE
WAY, JUST IN
CASE YOU'RE
WONDERING...



...THIS IS
GOING TO
HURT! A
LOT!

MAUGH!



CURB YOUR BLOODLUST, FIEND. YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SANCTIONED TO KILL ON THE SPOT.

BESIDES, WHAT **GOOD** IS HE TO US IF YOU **DESTROY** HIM?



TO BE
CONTINUED...



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

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